



WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1920

Gotham's High Cost of Loving!

No Parlors Now for Cupid
No Spooning On River Boats
Park Benches Only Solace

Increasing Rents Have Brought About the "Passing of the Parlor"; "How Can Nice Girls Make Love Publicly?" Ask the Old Maids.

By Marguerite Dean.

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"Don't love in Gotham—
You've got no place to go;
You can't hide in the subway
Or on the roofs, you know!
The cop that's on the corner
Has got his eye on you—
Don't love in Gotham—
You'll be 'pinched' if you do!"

Sang Tom Masson—or, in words to that effect—some ten years ago, but the tragicomic warning is just ten times as true this summer. For one of the problems of 1920 in many old Manhattan is the H. C. of L., which in this connection should be translated the High Cost of Loving!

Cupid knows it always has been a



dilemma for New Yorkers. In all the side streets, east or west, there isn't a piazza with rambling roses curtaining it and a hammock swung across one corner, there isn't a circular seat built around a drooping elm or broad spreading maple, there isn't a lovers' lane, or a Ben Bolt "hook by a cool running brook." No got. No can do. But now courting must be conducted between the devil of the profiteering landlord and the deep sea of propriety. For the simple truth is that almost no New Yorker can afford to have a parlor for his daughter's beaux, that daughter herself can't find a house with a parlor in it, if she is boarding. The rent laws passed at Albany do not prevent anybody from ejecting Cupid. And he is quite literally put out on the sidewalk—or into the park.

The easiest way for the "new poor"—the thousands with stationary salaries—to pay their rent is simply to let an outsider pay rent for that extra room, once the courting parlor. The tenements long ago learned to use the "roomer" to cope with the landlord. The flats and apartments are prodding by the lesson. As for the boarding-house landladies, who can blame those harassed women for filling every room under their roofs to help pay the butcher and the baker?

President Hibben of Princeton was complaining recently about the frankness and lack of reserve between the young men and women of to-day, but even these candid souls have not reached the point where they do their courting in the bosom of their

Lucile the Waitress

BY KID DUDLEY

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"EVERY once in a while," said Lucile the waitress, as the Friendly Patron watched a fly on a piece of pie shuffling his hind hands together, "somebody comes in here and tells me I ought to go on the stage. They seem to think that, if I don't come to the rescue, the show business will all go booney, but they forget I get three squares a day in here and don't have to worry about the dramatic critic saying I ought to be playing the well-intended of Rebecca in 'Rebecca at the Well,' and all that sort of stuff."

"Have you had an offer lately?" asked the Friendly One.

"Offer? Say, all I got is talk." Lucile went on. "They was a fella in here a while ago who brought up the subject. He gives me the once-over and says, 'Lucile, why don't you try the show game?'"

"Try it? I says, 'Has it committed any more crimes than usual?'"

"Nix on the merry stuff," he says. "I'm serious. You ought to be in the chorus pulling down your forty per cent and living easy."

"What makes you think that, if you can think at all?"

"You got a good shape," he says.

"Is that so?" I says, "Well, did you see in here to compare me to Benius Mile-stone or to gurgle a ham dwich?"

The Evening World Daily Magazine

Costumes Invented by Cave Men for Their Wives Revealed by New York Students

Second Century Coptic Debutante Affected the Debutante Slouch—Pajama Trousers Not New—Many Egyptian Girls Wore Them B. C.

They Even Made Gowns That Suggested Sacred Pigeons; And Think of It—They Wore One-Piece Bathing Suits.



FROM A GREEK KRATER VASE. A COPTIC COSTUME. A MOYEN AGE EFFECT. DESIGN SUGGESTED BY EGYPTIAN SACRED PIGEON.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

NOW we know why the cave man conducted his domestic arguments with a club. His wife wore a one-piece bathing suit.

If you don't believe it, go to the Co-operative Fashion Exhibition, now being held in the Bush Terminal Sales Building by students of Cooper Union, New York Evening School of Industrial Art and the Brooklyn Teachers' Association Class. Take it from them their designs "establish the fact that our fashions run back almost to the cave man or woman period," and take it from me that the designs of one-piece bathing suits in the exhibition could never have been worn

OUTSIDE of cave circles. I hate to think of the blushing agonies into which these aesthetically charming suits by Constance Reed would throw a Coney Island cop. One of them has a skirt, to be sure—but, clearly, a grass skirt. Cave fashions, but Asbury Park was never like this!

And from cave days down to these, the husbands and the other militant modernists must always have found fashions worthy of their 42-centimetre adjectives. Apparently, from the clever sketch of Celine Boll, the Coptic influence of the second century the debutante slouch. It's the only way in which she could have shown off properly the meatball blouse, taken, according to the designer, from a Coptic vase and falling limply over what looks like one of the season's most popular modes—an accordion pleated skirt.

Miss Boll also shows a black velvet slip-on, with its border, from the third century B. C. in Egypt—and worn with pajama trousers. I should judge the ensemble makes the sort of negligee or breakfast costume which one may find on the broad piazzas of Long Island country houses this summer.

A Youthful Coat From Paris



Here is a chic coat for a young girl, carried out in rose soft satin and trimmed with ruching and feathers.

GLIMPSSES INTO YORK SHOPS

Something Unique in Stripes

The skirt of striped goods with the jacket in plain color is a combination that has had a great vogue in Paris and it is being received with favor here. A real Frenchy-looking model in one of the shops has a long pleated skirt of navy and white striped poplin and a straight loose jacket in navy blue poplin.

Pretty ribbons in monochrome floral effects are being shown in pink and blue. They are especially suitable for camisoles and are ninety-five cents a yard.

There is a knack in tying a pretty hair bow and there are mothers who have not acquired it. But they can buy a smart bow attached to a metal fastener, so it need not be untied, at one dollar. They can be had in the plain and figured ribbons.

Orle is one of this season's new shades. It is a shade of orange tinted rose blended with a tone of capucine. It looked decidedly charming used as a taffeta facing for the collar and cuffs on a navy-blue taffeta blouse. It was also employed in the embroidery on the same blouse. Orle is largely used in garment embroideries and in hat trimmings.

A prominent Fifth Avenue shop is featuring undergarments made up of a new cotton crepe that is exquisite in texture. It is very soft and has a mercerized finish that gives the fabric a silvery effect. The garments displayed are charmingly developed, the only trimming being the narrow white satin ribbon bindings, and the ribbon flowers.

Union suits just like daddy wears are now being shown for the juniors. They come in the same cool fabrics and are cut in the same loose lines. They have adjustable shoulder straps, buttons for the outer garments and place of a waist and the youngsters can now be delightfully cool and comfortable. The manufacturers have also thought of the girl and produced a union suit with bloomers. They come in white, blue, pink and black.

There is a great demand in Paris for reversible coats and some have appeared in our shops. For wear at the mountain resorts there are coats of leather lined with striped woollens that can be worn with matching skirts. This idea is also carried out in an evening cape in black velvet and trimmed with black monkey fur. Whether worn as a black or coral cape it is rich and charmingly luxurious.

Here is a photograph of Mrs. Giuseppe Catalani, wife of the Italian Ambassador to Venezuela, S. A., who arrived in this port on board the steamship Amsterdam.



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ASTO CHADERONES

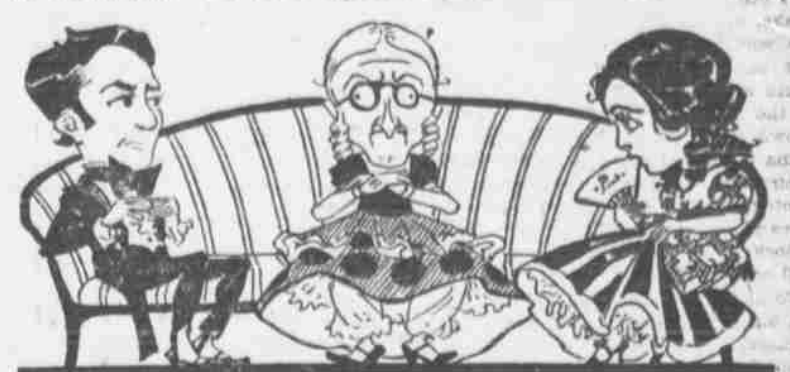
Her Job Is to Protect Chickens From Hard Boiled Eggs, Which Is Fair Enough, of Course.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

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ONE of the leading commodities that's suffered from a cancellation of orders this summer is the chaperone. The chaperones are practically the only thing in ladies' clothes for which there is no demand. There isn't even a call for damaged chaperones, with bum eyes and deaf ears.

Twenty years ago a dame wouldn't think of going out at night without a chaperone. But you've also got to figure that twenty years ago



The Person in the Middle Is as Welcome as the Landlord.

dame wouldn't think of going out at night without a petticoat. It only goes to prove that chaperones may come and petticoats may go, but the girls run out forever.

Almost any frail to-day is safer with a nail file in her vanity case than a chaperone in her vicinity. If she's got to have something hanging around her at night a Jane prefers summer furs.

Protectors were O. K. in the days of the minuet, when a chaperone could lay eyes on all a dame's movements. But the shimmy has changed things around. When a Jane goes out to a shim dance now you need a chaperone to keep track of her shoulders and a chiropodist to watch her feet. Shifting the two-steps to one-steps hasn't reduced the chaperone's work by 50 per cent.

The lassie, her swain and the chaperone are the eternal triangle of puppy love. But any dame is at a disadvantage with a chap at her cheek and a chaperone at her elbow.

The chaperone rule is the Volstead Act of the united state of rapture. And the chaperone is the trailing arbutus in the Garden of Love.

Adam and Eve were without chaperones and got along O. K. And when Noah took two apiece of the earth's inhabitants there were no chaperones on his passenger list. In all the ages of Biblical history the only pair that really needed a chaperone were Sodom and Gomorrah. Yea, ho!

And skidding into a later age, take a look at Juliet. If Romeo and Juliet had had a chaperone Shakespeare wouldn't have had a plot. One chaperone in the opening act would have busted up the show. When Romeo called for his baby doll there'd have been a roughhouse instead of a balcony scene and a one-act skit instead of a play.

The same thing goes for Bertha, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl, and Nellie, the Beautiful Cleek Model. Both these beautiful gals swept past long lines of villains' mustaches for years and years without a blemish on their makeup and without a chaperone in the wings. Nellie and Bertha proved that heaven will protect the working girl so long as she works two matinees and six nights a week and observes all day-less Sundays.

The chaperone's job is to protect chickens from hard boiled eggs, which is fair enough, of course. The chief kick is that the chappie stays on the job all night when it only takes five minutes to detect a hard-boiled egg. You can't expect Cupid to start firing darts with an innocent bystander in the way. And you can't expect two hearts to beat as one with an alarm clock butting in. No, indeed! Love is blind—and chaperones should be handicapped that way too.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. M. Cordell.

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MRS. JARR had not arisen from her seat near the front window to greet her spouse when he had turned his latchkey in the lock and entered.

"I said, 'How you was?'" remarked Mr. Jarr, coming over to where she sat and kissing her on her half-averted cheek.

"I suppose you care a great deal how I feel," said Mrs. Jarr in a doleful tone.

"Sure I do!" was the cheery rejoinder. "Anything gone wrong?"

"Oh, what's the use of talking like that? You don't mean it."

"Yes, I do. Cheer up! Cherries are ripe!" said Mr. Jarr joyously.

Mrs. Jarr took the assertion as to the ripeness of cherries with no perceptible exultation.

"Anybody worrying you? Anything worrying you?" he asked.

"Yes, everybody's worrying me, everything is worrying me," said Mrs. Jarr. And a tear rolled down her cheek. "What's the use of anything?" she asked.

"Why, everything is all right!" cried Edward Jarr, optimist. "We have a nice home, nice children. Our health is good, we are no deeper in debt than we generally are, I've got a good job, you've got a new dress and a new hat. I think we're lucky."

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"Why, everything is all right!" cried Edward Jarr, optimist. "We have a nice home, nice children. Our health is good, we are no deeper in debt than we generally are, I've got a good job, you've got a new dress and a new hat. I think we're lucky."

"Oh, what's the use of talking like that? You don't mean it."

"Yes, I do. Cheer up! Cherries are ripe!" said Mr. Jarr joyously.

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